



JERU THE DAMAJA

PRESENTS **SUPA HUMAN KLIK**

FEATURING
MIZMARVEL



CD K5R 10064

JERU THE DAMAJA – GREAT SOLAR STANCE LYRICS

what n-gg-s deal, they last 24 i did in the first

before the doctor cleaned off the afterbirth

i kicked a verse, smoked a blunt, shooked the earth

smacked the physician, and f-cked the nurse
the truth hurts, like a sword in the hand of this expert

cuttin through your soul, like your best friend did your dirt

mental like physical blows destroy ego's

your style is babylonian, like d-cks in -ssholes

the drama unfolds, don't mean nothing up my nose
i can't stand snow, it only blows like nitro

blistering, my flows i'm splittin, so i hope you listening

super shoutout to all my n-gg-s in prison
shout to the pyramids, the cypher and scription
science fact not fiction, i cut with precision

speak multiplication, subration, addition

division, great solar stance burns compition

"this-this-this-this is the showdown"

i put you in the chicken wing like bob backlund,
jack ya team captain
bring drama like summer night, ghetto action

some honies got it twisted, fat -sses i mash 'em

cops like jewels, back in the days i sn-tch 'em
you catch a tantrum, date how the raws rockin the drum

float like the white lotus, kill like whitey in vietnam
you should peel arm, gorilla tactics like viacom

set sh-t on fire like a bomb, up in smoke like cheech & chong

true blacks too strong can't let nothin stand in my way
sh-t will get thick like juice 60 in friday

in brooklyn, kill mc's like captain hook your children

to rappers i'm a villain, fill esteem wan't my secret like samson
picture so hard, i stunt your grandson son

teleport from coast to coast like sp-ceghost

like soy b-tter on my breakfast toast

and when it comes to makin it nasty, i flips it the most

"this-this-this-this-this is the showdown"

"this-this-this-this-this is the showdown"

setting it off like pistols in the projects

the climax hold ya six like nasty hot wet s-x

but string tech i catch wreck, ejucalate when i inject

not a player hatter, regulator, trick n-gg-s get checked

when i resurrect hip hop, you know the bullsh-t stop
like you got the oo-wop, the pops and what nots

fruity like ed koch, ya straight boo-tops, i'm top notch
super funky like a derelict prost-tute prop

ya hear gun shots, the coroner shows up to take flicks

sh-t is feet, but no feet sh-t like chicks with d-cks

ya throat flip too quick, to blaze magnetic

paramedics roll up on the scene,

it's tragic, don't deal with magic

johnson, renegade like charles bronson

packing a force like 18 bronzemen

grand laron, excelent marksmen arson

fire, water, earth, metal, wind

JERU THE DAMAJA – VERBAL BATTLE LYRICS

f/ miz marvel

intro: jeru the damaja

in the time when hip hop was strong

the supahuman klik ruled the land

bringin that futuristic hip hop, presently in time

the first lieutenant in arms of the supahuman klik

was the all mighty, all powerful, miz marvel

i think she can describe it how she does better

{miz marvel

thought i disappeared now that the smoke has cleared

i come from times with inabitions, face to face with fears

while shootin stars wishing that i can shift my gears

so i raise my gl-ss eye, i drink to that, say cheers
and let the fire water wash away the tears, burn like salt

on open wounds, thoughts consume all consentions

give birth to these rhymes like an oral c-section

uhh, positive connection throughout the galaxy

time to switch to reality, make proper arrangements

for the souls of fatalities

it's the same for n-gg-s that stuck with that slave mentality

or these wack -ss rappers, they got no originality

but my mentality, helps me travel around the galaxy

time gets shorter, i'm on the water, run insanity

it seems like everyone was after me

three's a nasty girl like vanity

make n-gg-s wild, i smoke la, anything to keep my sanity

ain't got no friends, everyone with me is family

if they standing next to me, nothing's what it seems to be

sending energy, when i rhyme, but no time for idol questions
if freestyling is my bible, when i fall in hip hop sessions

of the tribal blessings, lessons to be learned

respect had to be earned and not given

on the fourth of them but not amongst the men that living
guy collides, when selfish minds can't asked to be forgiven

ain't no turning back the hands of time,

when past spirits have risen

{scratching

black, black, black

verbal, power, verbal, power

{miz marvel

power of the moon and the force of a sonic boom

help me heal like battle wounds, to that sh-t i'm immune
we come thru like the first platoon, into smoke filled rooms

into it seems like magic mushrooms, from the womb to the tomb

i got a meetin in the ladies room, i be back real soon

o-o-oh o-o-o-oh

to strike the deathblow, continue with a never ending flow
and all pro, precise position, like a crossbow

friend or foe, gas heads go from c.e.o. to skid row
see the toxic green flow, it's poison waters overflow

paint a mental picture, lyrical michaelangelo

words pierced with the sting of a scorpio
beats mad bong, to collapse the walls of jericho

overflow and explore, i hope you got your blunts rolled

'cause this is the same, no matter which zip code

my minds pro, b-tches is robbed,

suckin the diamonds out your ear lobe

i keep it tracked like a barcode of illuminati

and fight these devils back with the code of hammurabi

{more scratching

{miz marvel

i strike with magnum force, send you on a collision course

with no remorse, i tap the source and knock you off ya high horse

while beats and rhymes have intercourse to reproduce their first born

never sworn not to make the same mistakes as there parents

written on there face, time worn sharpen then a poison desert storm

step on first month capricorn, quiet storm

jeans and boots my everyday uniform

elegants ruffness and innocence, if ever given a form

h-ll have a fury like a women's scorn

my n-gg-s strife to perform, i struggle to break the norm

give me any platform and i perform lyrical quiet storms

i make it hot, you keep it luke warm

from hotels to college dorms, keep these n-gg-s souls tornd

{more scratching

lot of other people, other groups aware of these consciousness

virtually impossible to defend against (repeated over and over)

JERU THE DAMAJA – BITCHEZ WIT DIKZ LYRICS

[intro: jeru the damaja]

yes yes

check it out right here now, know what i mean?

henryville, the m-th-f-ckin b-tchez wit dikz

that's in the midst

of the real brothers whose the true wonders

knowhatimsayin? talkin all that sh-t about this and this and that

but fakin sh-t, i'mma drop it like this

[verse 1: jeru]

bad b-tches and techs, and sound affects

talk but skate like tara lipinski, when sh-t get hec-tic

out in brooklyn, too late you's a vick

and if spend major dough on a hoe, you a b-tch -ss trick

pimps and players, no i'm not a hater

cuz i smashed it off, she bust me down i ain't pay her

shoutin youse a regulator

soft like c3po, but pop sh-t like darth vader

for princess leia, with flesh hard like sh-ggy

your booty, when sh-t get raw you doo like scooby

i'm sn-tching chains, mics and those platinum groupies

and let it be known, i eat ya'll p-ssies like a p-rno movie

dutches, chins, and hips get twist

drop that b-tch with a d-ck, and get a n-gga like this

[hook: jeru & miz marvel]

you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)

think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)

turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)

when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)

-b-tch!-

you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)

think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)

when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)

turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)

-b-tch!-

[verse 2: lil dap]

you n-ggas are like east new york waste, spit in your face

open your mouth, swallow the taste, listen to the pace

it's like showin the love, the same thing as pullin the club

spit it out, ya hoes know what this sh-t is about

b-tchez wit d-cks, and make a n-gga mad as sh-t
cough the cough, when singing thru the streets of new york
holdin it down, but wavin my banner all around
cuz these whole motherf-ckers, wanna round are town
thinkin they down, but dont know bk grounds
-b-tch!-

[hook: jeru & miz marvel]

you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)
think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)
turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)
when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)
-b-tch!-

you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)
think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)
when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)
turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)
-b-tch!-

[verse 3: miz marvel]

the next contestant left to be a secret lethal weapon
against half steppin, n-ggas is fake
i scope them first impression
take the mics possession, with the greatest discretion
and quick wit, fully equipped, mental lie detection
ya eyes cross like an intersection
you forget to count your blessings, all in the mix
sold your soul for it's weight in gold bricks
b-tchez wit dikz, with chips like chicks
only talk with snares and t-ts
in the time of revolution, be the first to submit
try to be god, but there mental seem unfit
speakin mathematics, but quick to kiss a crucifix
won't admit that their style is rip and counterfeited
contradict, sell their men to bang their fit, a moving target
thrown into the bottomless pit, b-tchez wit dikz

[hook: jeru & miz marvel]

you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)
think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)
turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)
when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)
-b-tch!-

you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)
think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)

when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)

turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)

-b-tch!-

JERU THE DAMAJA – SEINFELD LYRICS

ham hops, crack rocks, ooo-wops, cell blocks

biscuits, gravy, smothered pork chops

big diamond bracelets, mad lootin drug spots

high speed chases, robbiries, crooked cops

b-tches with fat -sses, no brain and drop top

guess who's pregnant, so and so got shot

benzes, blue and green contact lenses

ya money, ya car and how live you and your mens is

knowin who your friends is, millionaire dollar shoppin benjeses

ya money how much them timbs is

in my roll, f-ckin sh-t raw, gettin driz-niz

me and ya dip, in the cut, blazin a bliz, she suckin my diz-nick

cope p'los and heron bricks

so many girls in this world, which one should i pick?

sh-t is gettin thick, you better move quick

rappers is mad gangsters, applying pressure like the heimlich

dime chicks, that i love to stick lick

murderers, thieves, hustlers, pimps and tricks

chorus 6x

lalalalalalalalalala

rolex, fat checks, while s-x in tecks

bad ho's, corresing my chest, sippin the beck's

burning l's in your projects, what's next

it's the first of the month, go get those welfare checks

crazy connects, pushing a lex, suckin on br-sts

sleep all day, all night, f-ck and duck the tech

dibs, the one's that quickest to draws, the one that lives

makin moves like a chess wiz, gotta feed my eight kids
my n-gg-s in the ghetto, know what time it is

i need deep and p-ssy pampers, cribs and bibs

day to day, is how a n-gg- lives

nothing's what a n-gg- is

so he ends up in pri-

zon, i think ya p-ssy so go get ya son
tough -ss rappers, crazy talk no action

got freaky stunts, bring some

makin all queens in my kingdom

eighty n-gg-s can't get a crumb

dizzy broads with dope bodies, a dime a dozen

bottom line the p-ssy bangin, it'll make me c-m

chorus 6x

jagaurs, strip bars, ghetto supastar

me and ya p-ssy out on the road, whippin ya car

i'm takin off her bra, she gettin bucked baby pa

look new, but true, f-ck like a pro likes action

no camera, co reck it and leave a scar

n-gg-s is fake and rough, but sleep like spar

to cuss, bust, dutch us and bringin the ruckus
money makin brothers wanna fight and fuss

cruisin out my flesh light, plus make playas look ridiculous
trying hard, but can't stop the b-mrush

sun trust, all the temples i crush, ya must back up
spontaneous combustion

forty five freaks inside my dungeon

when i get paid i want it in alumson

lick a shot and cause pandemonium

crazy n-gg-s in jail or the insane asylum

brooklyn brooklyn is where i'm from

three minutes and some change and i still ain't say none

chorus 6x

JERU THE DAMAJA – RENAGADE SLAVE LYRICS

too escape the devil's jaws & prepare for the final wars
so when we strike, it's multiple wounds like boss mind thoughts
to breakin these laws, i'm thinkin because i tap jaws
burn down broncos and teach ya wh-r-s to fight for the cause
the beast roars, i don't drink, i'm takin heads like the moors
i keep it, jungle naughty, ya put a razor to yours
that's crazy fake like house n-gg-s rockin bikini drawers
in a pituat force, puttin bombs at devil's doors
black diamond, the numerous flaws, blood pours
doin it, feel n-gg- style, for dreams that died on prison floors
liberate, carnivores that dine on walls
and i be fighting even after i reach african sh-r-s

the renegade slave

weaks lions, surrender their crowns, avoid the battle ground
i storm the plantation, take masa head and burn his house down
home bound, pitch black, don't make a sound
renegade slave flippin, fire a rip thru your town
satin heart pound, whose to smile, now we frown
how slaves run around like clowns holding whitey down
no more whippin and riggin, i'm shootin plansmen, hit the ground
so much blood on the seed, no's left, face down drown
listen, close, cuz the meaning is profound
the beats is on my hills, i boogie like james brown
keep a low pro, communicate underground
cuz no devil alive can scan my sound

the renegade slave

smarter then frederick douglas, and wilder then ike turner
my will to be free, in your eyes makes me a murderer
creepin late night like a burglar, study his literature
when the kings rise again, bells of bob knows the procedure
uncle tom, shot on the spot, we don't need ya
i know who i am, a warrior like kunta
but not running away, runnin demons into the caves
beware, beware, beware, the renegade slave
hittin 'em from every angle, devil's we strangle
and intangle in the web, when we rise again
the renegade slave's are comin

[outro]

that's right, you know me
don't act like you don't, you see me
you know where i'm at, you see when i'm comin
but you really don't know, you think you do
you never will, but i'm always here
and i will rise again, you can't hold me down
you can't do it, i won't allow it to happen
my will is too strong, i can't be broken
it's the renegade slave
it's the renegade slave
it's the renegade slave

JERU THE DAMAJA – PRESHA LYRICS

intro:

this goes out to all my young brothers and sisters
hold ya head, things ain't always what they seem

i'm about to give you a dose of reality
real deal

{jeru the damaja

nowadays, records are played and superstars are made

still mothers in the ghetto, rent don't get payed
as a result, bullets are sprayed and their sons are laid

it's no myth, in ghetto life, if you don't fight you fade

surviving in the streets, not a task for ordinary men

growing up in the hood, young black and supahuman

caught up in the game of blocks and cops run your block

intercourse with witches and hunted by warlocks
for props, boos-hoot pop, another brother drops

he barely knew his pops,

now his little seed will barely know his pops
tunnel vision like a cyclops

i give you x-ray vision with these supahuman eyedrops

my n-gg-s in the ghetto, give it everything you got

'cause until we reach the top, can't stop and won't stop

chorus 2x:

can you feel?
the presha, the the the presha

hand over

the presha, the the the presha

{jeru the damaja

journalists write articles 'cause they can't write rhymes
ever since i was a youth i dealt in crime
now i'm trying to reach the youth, to preserve what's left
there's a fork in the road, choose life or death
there's too much stress, too many bullets for your vest
temptress, suck ya best, exotic strains of syphilis
the rest, rest in the earth, only the best progress
it's you who think i see commercial success
warning, this sh-t is real, this is not a test
and what i express worth more than a lexus
serve it like baby food, still hard to digest
long -ss n-gg-s is mental slaves, i gotta protest
chorus 2x
{jeru the damaja
baby in the crib, and dad got no loot for food
so he do what he got to do
keep it real, i don't playa hate ya
god my divine nature,
sent at this time to stabilize the structure
we should all live like wise kings,
now sing praise to the gutter
the blazed double x, concealed like a box cutter
brothers should be teaching, not murdering one another
word, to the mother land, kill the other man
lord of the concrete jungle, and tarzan was a black man
swingin on vines vibin, been balancin the eco system
and since there's no more n-gg-s in the ghetto, here i am

chorus 4x

(you got to deal with-instead of hand over)

meanwhile, back at supahuman klik headquarters...

JERU THE DAMAJA – ANOTHA VICTIM LYRICS

f/ miz marvel

{miz marvel

it's the sinister sister, leave mics so hot make hands blister

try to catch me but all you heard was "d-mn you just missed her"

daily means and whereabouts, more secret than a whisper

cut sharper than a scissor, lookin for the love elixir

like most listeners, let them know it's all in they reach

spittin my verbal attack with the impeccable speech

how bout n-gg-s, gotta keep your dog on a short leesh

got 'head speak, if not they try to play us like suckas

the most commitment, wanted non commitment givin mothaf-ckas

but one look in his eyes and i can tell they whole story

not sayin that all men fall in this category

lookin for a friend or wife for late nate creep if he's h-rny

if he's sincere, got g, or pick up lines that corny

tryin to say that he adore me, when he don't even know me

that type of weak game will leave a n-gg-, poor broke & lonely

willin to go and stick anything that let's em stick 'em

'cause thru all that bullsh-t, he's lookin for anotha victim

chorus 2x: jeru the damaja

brrr, stick 'em, hahaha stick 'em

brrr, brrr, stick 'em, hahaha, stick 'em

brrr, stick 'em, hahaha stick 'em

hahahahahaha

{miz marvel

perfect example, it was like monday the 10th
late afternoon, just on my king and it was time well spent

in any event, this n-gg-s eyein me, it's evident

try hard to cement, to ignore his twisted compliments

he seem h-ll bent for my time, a hundred percent
asked to come to sit at my table, if i was the age of contended

and no why he would put himself thru such torment

and despite the corny line, you could see the extent

that he would go, said he'd pay my rent, dress me and give me dough

follow by cants and comments bout my bodies measurements
i said "i don't drink moet, take loot to get bent

or use n-gg-s to pay rent, i'm independent"

his response that "you heaven sent

but i haven't met a chick that ain't have a price yet"

i said "well, i must be a different type of female

while b-tches waitin to exhale, i plot schemes to black male

talkin bout, you wash your car, who you knew and your wealth"

a new expirement, thinkin this n-gg-s playin himself

with just his arogance, not to exclude his rude att-tude

how he pursued, relentless references to seein me nude

the wrong move, this jiggy n-gg- really thinks he's smooth

like he got somethin to prove, and i got nothin to lose
i know his style, never ran into a femme fatale

like you hearin right now, comin thru ya ear c-n-l
i smile politely, so as not to blow my cover

carryin on conversation, knowin that i'm on some other sh-t

should have stopped when he had the chance to quit
talkin about his income, and how bout he wanna get some

next time we meet, he'll just be the next victim

chorus

{miz marvel

like my girl nina, bangin body and she was cute
but she'd only f-ck with n-gg-s if they had mad loot

plenty ice, nice ride, but she'd always have to drive
trying to compesate the sh-t, that as a youth she was deprived

she survived, only to end up to being 85

talkin bout i played that n-gg-, keep it real baby...

JERU THE DAMAJA – BILLIE JEAN (SAFE SEX) LYRICS

yo, yo, yo

imma bout to tell you about the time i ran 'nto billy jean

shorty that michael jackson sung about on his joint

yo, she was a crazy freak, but she used to be buggin out 'n all that

you know what i mean? im about to drop it on you

and this story is a hundred percent true, word to bill clintons mother

s-xy and brown i met her downtown

i said hey lady your (wicked, lickin')body drives the average n-gg- crazy

im jeru, love, she said her name was billy

i continued your(minds exact)girl you could have my baby

she could have played me but smiled and replied

"behave g, i like your style now hey so maybe you can

get to know me and this mac mac son is physical attraction,

i know you have a woman

my mans michael jackson" i think shes asking

she could tell by my reaction, a few seconds past

we both bust out laughing, not saying, im all that

or a p-i-m-p, still that magnetic

JERU THE DAMAJA – BLAK LUV LYRICS

(laughter)

-scratching-

-down the world is...-

{jeru the damaja

this is to my brothers and sisters in the ghetto
avoid jail legend, fingerprints on full metal
jackets like design, so that you can't hack it
but you musn't get caught up in these devilish tactics
never let the man pull ya string like geppetto
the game's the same, boricua or moreno
don't watch ya step and you be like, mi amigo
forenzics made the maps, so now he's on death row
yo what's the steelo, real brothers do it on the d-low
knowing's have the battle, so now you know
to be on point, 'cause anybody can be a casualty
some brothers lost there life, f-kin with o.p.p.
um robbery and p.c.p.

from the cradle to the state penitentiary
he'll be in the middle of next century
ask me, is it crying sakne
you got to watch how you flow and you will grow
if not you get tripped up in the ghetto

chorus 2x

this is for the youth blak luv
this is for the ghetto, blak luv, blak luv
{jeru the damaja

this is to my brothers and sisters in the ghetto
sellin yae yo, playin c-lo, duckin po-po
some brothers got murdered over a kilo
5-0 ask questions, but n-body know
what's the m.o., another brother trying to get dough
be careful how you live, 'cause that's how you go
wild like rambo, get shot down by the commando
call your co-defendent sing like d'angelo
no problemo, but upstate you sing soprano
police sadimize, a man at the 7-0

be careful where you go yo, and just in case you ain't know
i flow, to liberate the ghetto

chorus 4x

{jeru the damaja

this is to my brothers and sisters in the ghetto

trying to be like pablo, deniro, al pacino
you be all right until you run up on columbo
get caught red handed, so you got to go
you lose the crib, the car, the women and the dough
this can't be happenin so you like "oh no"
so avoid this fate, and absorb the conscious flow
this is not a demo, strictly for the ghetto
not the limo, work for the pimp, hustler and the ho
and i'm gonna let you know
whether you as black as jack or brown as nino
from the ghetto

blak luv, is what we need to flow

chorus 4x

outro:

peace

(laughter)

ugh!

ugh! ugh!

ugh!

ugh! ugh!

ugh!

ugh! ugh!

(laughter)

ugh!

ugh! ugh!

ugh!

(laughter)

fade...

JERU THE DAMAJA – WHAT A DAY LYRICS

one day about six 'o clock i'm woke up
by the sound of my buzzer and a car or a truck
screechin' off so i jump up scratch my nuts
but when i'm like "who's that?" n-body speaks up
so i go to the door there's a note it says:
"we have hip hop hostage with guns to his throat
do the right thing and we might let him go
but if you call the police that's all she wrote
you know what the motive is it's all about dough
and in case ya think we bullsh-ttin' here's the photo."
i couldn't recognize the clows because they was all hooded down
but i peeped foxy brown sippin' cristal in the background
with fake alligator boots on
and smack dab in the middle was hip-hop with a versace suit on
i immediately called primo
i said "hip-hop is in trouble, meet me at my rest on the double
don't even jump in the shower, matta'fact scratch my rest
meet me and d & d in an half an hour
and bring all ya sh-t wit' you 'cause you know what we got to do."
yo afu! (wh-ssup?) lets jet-son like elroy
if i recall correctly i last saw hip-hop down at bad boy
we'll see if puff knows wh-ssup
'cause he's the one gettin' him drunk and f-ckin' his mind up
we go to the office, he's nowhere to be found
so we sn-tch up jay black and beat his b-tch -ss down
"now where's hip-hop?!" "aaight, aaight..." he confessed:
"suge came and took him from puff last night,
he said he'd give him up if a real n-gg- came to retrieve 'em..."
so we went to l.a. later that evenin'
when we got there, everything was aaight
and we brought hip-hop back home that night.
one day...

JERU THE DAMAJA – MIZ MARVEL LYRICS

000 intro/chorus

001 come on, come on

002 come on, come on

003 come on, come on

004 come on, all the way

005

006 {miz marvel}

007 the first verse, perfect design conquest your desert thirst

008 highly blessed, can't recept the evil luers curse

009 from the mansion to the slums, where the evil luers lurk

010 my life's work, want it so bad it hurts

011 i see three of a side, like nipples thru at church

012 mic experts, manipulate out thru the universe

013 b-tches wit d-cks, reveal how n-gg-s livin in skirts

014 perverts, i put to death and throw to h-ll head first

015 my word is plated gold, isin't equal the work

016 mental birth can show signs of movin heaven and earth

017 never deal or take car, wear your heart in your dirt

018 rhymes baptised in fire and never been burnt

019

020 chorus

021

022 {miz marvel}

023 as i flex, on the set we ghetto intellect

024 my minds def, twice that of an all time vet

025 quietest cat, rock around with no concept

026 hit the l start choking and sleep with one eye open

027 you can try me, until i can get under your skin like poison ivy

028 words invincible, hit it strictly for the pledgin princ-p-l

029 continual, pen is like my sword i feel the armor

030 hypnotic melodies, never gympsy steak charmer

031 hearts is eye, blaze a stronger than a marijuana

033 my persona, change your heart to ghetto primadonnas

034 with maddic overdose like that guy from nirvana

035 time was cut short, like a fair weather friend

036 but if they gone, then i don't need them

037 can i get an amen

038

039 chorus 2x

040

041 {miz marvel}

042 cast a spell, on all non believing inphadeles
043 heroz4hire, exclusive list the clientele
044 make your head swell, legal spinning like a carosel
045 sweet as caramel, transform into miz marvel
046 queen lady of the supahaman klik cartel
047 if i need a bonecrusher, call up on the sun toucher
048 in camouflage, gone just like a desert mirage
049 try to escape the fate, safe in proper sabotage
050 lyrical m-ssage, sounded like comitcally shape
051 my verbal swordplay, bounces off the walls like richochets
052 compete, with the style that you know your couldn't beat
053 and i call you n-gg-s p-ssy, 'cause you are what you eat
054 complete the cypher, comunicate thru words unspoken
055 my mission ain't complete, let the circle be unbroken
056
057 chorus 2x

JERU THE DAMAJA – 99.9 PA CENT LYRICS

you wanna front what??jump up and get bucked

the original, dirty rotten's f-ckin sh-t up
empty your clip of lyrics, in your chest and gut

all punks play the floor, it's raw and hardcore

hotter than a meteor, scorching ego's

fake ho, gangsters and super heroes

cops pull me over like you under arrest

some n-gg-s i know act like b-tches without breast

d-ck riders, i hope you got your latex

'cause flesh gets burnt up during the pro s-x

the arrest echoes through your project
met billie jean, had safe s-x
some mc's get caught up in the vortex

mixing crack with s-x, so they sold for fat checks

listen to the words i manifest, the moment of truth have cats stressed

everytime you in the east, they sn-tch the chain off your chest

actin like you want some, but wan't none

quick to make your finger like a gun, but f-ggots

never bust none

chorus: repeat 4x

99.9 pa cent of these n-gg-s ain't sh-t

and most of these n-gg-s suck d-ck

>

amateuristic martial arts is the number one cause of injury
biters try to imuliate my outcomy, you poisoned by the chemistry
99.9 pa cent of these n-gg-s suck d-ck in the industry

swords in my back, all for the benjies

i'm screamin off key, another body?no i'm back in 3d

plus i can take the weight, i make the earth rotate

d-ck riders suply the gas, watch n-gg-s head inflate

wantin respect, bust suspect hit the deck

this ain't just talk, brooklyn east new york is on the set

friendship vs. b.i. i keep my thoughts,

laser sharp jagged edges bust your third eye

vessel of the most high, bullsh-t, they demand you supply

but don't get caught the same n-gg-'ll testify

switch like a b-tch, you not from east new york

youse a motherf-ckin snitch

chorus

>

hip-hop, jim kelly, leave the mic dead and smelly

freak show, flows and hoes back at the telly

not your average n-gg-, gets more nasty than dirk diggler

i'm back like the night, swoopin down on the riddler

fake thugs talk tough, but he's off the trigger

so shook ya shiver, poison verbs like alcohol destroy ya liver

cannibals bitin my d-ck, i need a tetnus shot

make ya volcanic hot, n-gg-s got problems like sir smoke-a-lot

i'm the original, in cause your forgot, when it comes to war

i get raw, add another mic to the one's i rip

shootin the gift, when the east is in the house

you should come equipped

chorus

>

word up, peace i'm out

the original dirty rotten scoundrel